

## Forever Yours

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## Forever Yours

by [Striped Optism](#)

### Summary

Dream is a delinquent. George is a nerd. Both end up meeting in an unusual circumstance and things take off from being strangers, to friends, to an eventual feeling of love.

Note: I fully respect Dream, George, Sapnap, and everyone else included and I understand if they're all uncomfortable with fanfics or shipping or anything of the sort. I will take this down if they state that they do not want any fanfics or shipping or anything in the future.

### Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

## The new nerd in town

Oh the fear of entering a new school. The rush of anxiety, the fear of looks passing around you as you walk by as if you're the only person wearing white in a sea of people wearing black. This was how George felt as he entered through the school gates on his first day at his new high school.

Being the new kid in school really didn't have it's perks, nor was it fun. You don't know anybody, you're kind of just standing alone in the middle of the hallway as people hustle and push you around as they try and make it to their classes. It really didn't help the fact that George didn't know where to go- at all. He didn't know where any of his classes were, let alone the washroom. He just aimlessly started walking past classroom on classroom, reading the signs above each door as he walked by.

Eventually, a teacher spotted George staring at one of the classrooms- not knowing if it was his or not. The teacher looked at his schedule and lead him to his classroom- which was the one right beside the one he was standing right in front of. She happened to be his teacher but ran a bit late due to traffic, which allowed George to be guided to his right class. Her name was Ms. Ben, short and easy to remember much to George's luck, for he wasn't the best at remembering things.

As he entered the classroom, all eyes fell onto both George and Ms. Ben. Everyone quickly sat down except for George, who didn't know where to sit. Noticing George's confusion, Ms. Ben first asked him to introduce himself to the class before getting seated.

"Class, this is George. He will be your new classmate as of today. Treat him well and with kindness. George?"

"Uh, hello. My name is George. I recently moved here and uh- I hope that the rest of us will get along."

No one in the class said anything, but some seemed to smile at his introduction which made George relax his tensed shoulders a bit.

"Okay George, seeing as there is only one seat left, you can sit next to Dream at the back." Stated Ms. Ben, as she pointed to an empty desk next to an unamused boy staring out of the window to his left.

George then walked to the back and got seated next to "Dream", as Ms. Ben has called him. George thought that was an unusual name for "Dream" wasn't a common name at all- hell he didn't know some people had that name. He peeked over at Dream, seeing what the boy actually looked like.

He had messy dirty blond hair that was sticking out mostly near the front, green eyes the colour of rich emeralds, a tall muscular figure, and a tattered uniform, seeing as though there were rips and tears in the fabric of it. He had bruises and bandages wrapped around his arms, and a band aid stuck on his cheek. George thought that it was safe to assume that this Dream guy was a delinquent- or was just really clumsy.

What caught George off guard was when Dream suddenly spoke to him, whilst still looking out the window. "Look nerd, I don't know what you want from me but keep staring at me like that and you'll burn a hole through my head." He then turned around to face George, aware of the fact that George was caught staring. George stuttered out a small "sorry" and turned to face the front. He could feel his cheeks burning with embarrassment- he didn't mean to stare at the guy for that long,

he only wanted to catch a glimpse of the guy he was directed to sit beside.

Thankfully, the bell soon rang and George scurried out to the cafeteria, wanting to get away from his embarrassing actions. He didn't turn back to see if Dream was watching him bolt out of the classroom- he didn't care. He just wanted to forget the moment and eat, for he was starving.

Dream on the other hand, was staring at the boy scurrying his way out of the classroom. He wondered why the boy was staring at him in such a curious manner. He didn't care for long, as his hunger overtook his thoughts for he was hungry as well. He too then started walking to the cafeteria, texting his friend Bad on the way telling him to meet up at their usual table.

Little did George know what awaited his arrival in the cafeteria.

# S-Snapnap???

## Chapter Summary

George makes a new friend :) but problems arise.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

God, was George starving. He had yet to eat a nice big breakfast for he overslept and failed to catch the first bus in the morning. George was desperate to get to the cafeteria to compensate for his missing breakfast, but the main problem was that he didn't know where it was.

Sure, there was a school tour that day for the new transfer students but George was sick that day, for he was out working late at night cleaning up the messes drunk people made at the quaint little restaurant he worked at the night before.

Nonetheless, he walked around and down some flights of stairs until he saw everyone pile into one room with two large sets of metal doors.

*"That's got to be the cafeteria."* Thought George.

And luckily, George was right. Crowds of students were piling in and out of the cafeteria, some heading outside to eat, some eating at lunch tables, some not even here for food and just here for their friends.

A long lineup for food was cast at the side of the cafeteria, whilst lunch lady's were making "the special of the day" behind the counters, although in reality the special was really just fries and a salad.

George slid into the lineup and looked at the menu that was attached to the wall above the counters. George tried his best to read what was written- but for some stupid reason he was having trouble reading the font. The people who designed the menus must have been *idiots* because they chose to write in red, not black, which just made the font look like yellow to George.

George didn't realize that he was standing there for a good while until someone spoke up behind him.

"Uh- hey dude, are you okay? You've been standing there staring at the menu for a good while now. You just indecisive or-?"

"O-oh! I'm sorry, I didn't realize I was standing here that long, I just uh- I'm having trouble reading the menu. I'm colourblind." Said George.

"Oh! Sorry, my bad. Do you want some help with the menu? I can tell you what they have today."

“Oh, I’d appreciate that, thank you. My name is George.”

”Hello there George, the name’s Sapnap.”

As Sapnap introduced himself, he extended his hand for a friendly handshake. George of course shook his hand, but got confused on his name.

“Uh- Snapnap-?”

”No no, **SAP**nap. Like SAP, as in a sappy sitcom.”

“Oh, my bad. Hello *Sapnap*.” Said George with a smile.

”Hello George, thank you for getting my name right this time. Now want me to tell you what on the menu?”

”Oh! Yes please, I’m starving.”

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From a table near the back in one of the corners sat Dream and his friend, Badboyhalo. Bad was busy eating a hamburger and some fries, whilst drinking regular water. Dream on the other hand, was sitting with his feet up on the table, busy scrolling through his phone looking at memes when an anonymous phone number texted him.

**“Come to the back alley near the football bleachers. We’ll be waiting Dream. Don’t bring anyone either. Otherwise there will be consequences.”**

Dream looked at the text unamused. He got texts like this all the time, who was it this time?

”Hey Bad, do you know this number?” Asked Dream, showing his phone to his friend who was busy finishing his hamburger.

“No, I don’t recognize it. Why, did you get in another fight again?” Asked Bad confused.

“Tsk, probably some guy I bumped into in the hallway. Jeez, these guys are really picking a fight with me just because they weren’t watching where they were going, huh? Fuckers.”

”Language!” Said Bad in an annoyed tone. Bad never liked swearing, and took it upon himself to remind his friends that swearing is bad. Seems that it didn’t always work, but Dream always tries to put in an effort just to see Bad not annoyed at him for it. He didn’t wanna upset his friend all the time after all.

“Anyways. I’ll just go see what’s up. If they really try picking a fight with me, so be it. They’re probably weak anyways. Nothing I can’t handle.” Said Dream in a lazy tone.

“Ugh, you can’t always fight people you know. I can’t vouch for your actions all the time man.”

And that was true, the amount of times Bad has vouched for Dream’s reckless actions has been far too many. He’s really thankful for the guy, otherwise he’d probably be expelled by now.

“I know, I’m sorry Bad. I’ll try my best, okay?”

”Hmm, fine. But I better not see your butt in the principal’s office for at least a week, got it?”

“Ugh, fine. I’ll try not to. No promises though.”

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“So George, are you new here? I can’t recall seeing your face here these last few years. Am I wrong?” Asked Sapnap.

“No, you’re right. I recently just transferred here. My old school wasn’t... the best.” Said George nervously.

Thankfully, Sapnap didn’t pry and just moved on, seeing that George was looking a tad bit nervous from the answer.

“Well, I’m sure you’ll fit in just fine. If it makes you feel any better, you can sit with me and some of my friends during lunch if you’d like. I don’t know where they’re sitting right now but I’m sure they’re here somewhere.” Said Sapnap.

“Would that really be okay? I wouldn’t want to intrude.”

“Dude, it’s chill. One of the guys is kinda cold, but he’s a softie on the inside. My other friend is a literal puppy. He’s super nice. I’m sure you guys would get along fine.” Smiled Sapnap.

“Okay, if that’s alright with you guys I’d be happy to join.” Said George with a smile.

“Great! I’ll see you tomorrow near the front of the cafeteria doors then. Sound good?”

”Yeah, I’m down.”

Suddenly, the bell rings for the five minute countdown before the next class. Lunch has ended and everyone starts scurrying out of the cafeteria, making sure they’re not late. In the midst of all the pushing, George accidentally runs into someone and spills his apple juice on their shirt.

“Oh, I’m so sorry! I didn’t mean to do that, are you oka-“

”*Did you just spill apple juice on me?*” Said the guy menacingly.

“I-I’m sorry- I wasn’t looking where I was going and I was being pushed-“

“Doesn’t  *fucking* matter now does it. What’re you gonna do now that my uniform is soiled, huh?”

“Um, if you wanna give it to me I could take it home and wash it for you? If not I’m not sure, sorry.” Said a George weakly.

The guy then grabbed George by the collar and tugged him forward, making George lose his balance.

“Listen here *nerd*, I’m not joking around here. Meet me behind the bleachers at the football field, got it? If you don’t come, *I’ll track you down.*”

“Hey, let him go!” Stated Sapnap as he shoved the guy away from George. He had turned around just in time to see him being grabbed by his collar.

“Tsk, fine. But you better come, you hear me? I’ll see you later nerd.” Said the guy as he walked away.

“Dude- are you okay? Did he hurt you?” Asked a frantic Sapnap.

“N-no, no I’m fine. Thank you for that. I don’t think I would have been able to say anything.” Said George.

“No problem dude- now let’s get to class. I’ll take you there, I don’t think you know where it is.”

“Thanks Sapnap.”

## Chapter End Notes

Hoooo boi, Whats gonna happen ;; thank you guys so much for all of the support and nice comments from chapter 1! I didn’t expect a nice handful of people to already like it so much :) reading the comments really made my day, so thank you!

Also- please do tell me if I got George’s colour blindness wrong, cause I could only depict which colours he could not see from the one test he did. If I’m wrong, please tell me and I’ll fix the mistake right away :’))

# Fuck.

## Chapter Summary

George gets caught in a slight problem, and he can't get out without some help.

\*this chapter will contain slight hinting at molesting/rape. Please read at your own risk and do not read if it makes you uncomfortable.\*

(It's not a whole lot of the chapter, but it mentions it. Please read at your own risk.)

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Usually, the end of the school day would be a wash of relief for the majority of students, but not for George. He just **had** to run into someone on his first day, and that said "*someone*" was a buff ass high schooler.

It didn't really help that George wasn't the most physically active person- like sure he worked his arms off when scrubbing grease off of the tables at his job, but other than that, he didn't really work out. Gym was the only exception because he **HAD** to work out, which he for one, did not enjoy doing.

He always felt as if someone was judging him for not being the most active person in the class, or because he's the one that's usually lagging behind during laps. He didn't like the gym uniforms either- the shorts were designed so they were more flexible and lightweight for running- but that only meant that they were shorter so it revealed his pale thighs. He wasn't too fond of it to say the least. He had always been self conscious of his body, so showing some skin was never in his comfort zone.

As George was zoning out with his thoughts, he came to the realization that if he was any later than he already was, he'd probably get shoved into a locker the next day. He then quickened his pace and searched for the football field, which should be easy to find since a football field is massive- yet it took George a good 15 minutes before being able to find it. As he walked down towards the bleachers, he started mumbling to himself.

"Oh shit, I'm so late- god why couldn't I find the fucking football field, am I an idiot? Oh Jesus I see him- please don't beat me up, please just let me off the hook, please--"

"You're *late* ." Said the guy with malice.

"Uh- um, yeah. I'm sorry- I couldn't find the football field, I got lost--"

"You got lost? Looking for the *fucking football field*? You've got to be bigger than an *idiot* to miss this."

"I-I'm sorry. So, why did you want to see me-?" Stuttered George.

"Hm, I just thought that *we* could teach you a lesson. Since you're new here and all, thought that



I'd introduce you to our *lovely school* newbie."

George swallowed. "Excuse me- *we* ? What do you mean we--"

Suddenly, at least three more buff males appeared behind George. George turned his head around, hearing their footsteps get closer as he could only stay in place, otherwise he'd back up into the guy who called him here. George was sandwiched.

"Hey, why don't we have a bit of *fun* with the guy first? He's a pretty cute catch wouldn't you say?" Said one of the males.

"*Fuck, no no no. This can't be happening- are they going to molest me right now?*" Thought George.

"Mm, that's not a bad idea. What do you say *cutie*?"

"Don't you *dare* touch me. I'd rather *die* than be touched by any of you." Spat George.

"Mm, both of those things can be arranged. Come on boys, time for a treat." Grinned the main male.

All four males closed in on George, hands out in front of them, looking at George as if he were their prey. George panicked. He couldn't do anything, he couldn't fight them off, they were so much stronger than George. He couldn't escape anywhere either- there was no where to go. He couldn't climb out over the bleachers, they'd tug him down before he even got the chance. He was screwed. He was *scared* .

George felt tears pricking his eyes. He didn't expect his first day to go this way, to be lost in school, to bump into someone and spill his drink, and to finally be ganged up on and molested. He wanted anything, any source of escape, distraction, anything. But nothing came. And as the four males closed in on George, he lost all hope. He shut his eyes, and hoped that it'd all be over soon.

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Suddenly, he heard yelling, and several punches being thrown. George tensed up. What just happened? He didn't feel anyone touching him. Did they hesitate? Did they change their mind? What happened? George opened his eyes to see to his surprise, all four men on the ground, bruised. Did they beat each other up? What did they do?

All of a sudden, he felt a hand on his shoulder. It was Dream. *Wait, Dream?* Why was he here? How did he know he was here? George looked at the male in confusion. He couldn't comprehend how or why he was here.

Seeing George's confusion, he spoke up.

"Hey, I recognize you. Why are you here?" Asked Dream.

"I- huh? Why am *I* here? Why are *you* here?" Asked George in confusion.

"I got a text from an anonymous number saying I had to meet them behind some bleachers or some shit, I don't know. I just assumed these were the guys that wanted to see me and attacked em

before they had the chance to see me. Am I in the wrong place?"

"I- no, no. You came to the right place. You came at just the right time too, thank you. You saved me."

With that comment, George started tearing up again, unable to hold back his tears. Dream looked both confused and- is that a hint of worry? He didn't know why the dude was crying, but he knew that if they stayed here any longer, the four guys would wake up sooner or later. He had to get out of here.

"Hey, uh. Let's get out of here. If we stay here any longer, these guys might wake up soon, and I really don't wanna deal with their fat asses again. You with me?" Asked Dream in a slight hurry.

George mustered up an answer through his sobs, and nodded his head. He looked up at Dream as he was already up on the other side of the bleachers, extending his left hand to help him up. George took it and hoisted himself up with the help of Dream, and the two headed towards a small convenience store near the side of the school.

George sat outside gathering his thoughts whilst Dream was inside the store, buying who knows what. He came outside not too long after with a bag in hand.

"Hey, let's not stay here. Let's go sit somewhere else. I have the feeling you don't wanna be alone, but this place is a bit too public. Is that good with you?" Asked Dream.

"Huh? Oh, yeah. Thank you. I'll just follow you if that's okay."

Dream nodded his head and started walking down a trail near the store, and as George said he would do, he followed Dream not too far behind, but put some distance between them as to not bump into him by accident.

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They arrived at a very scenic yet peaceful place. They were on top of a small hill but were underneath a large tree that provided shade just enough for two. Dream sat down and looked up at George, signalling for him to sit on the grass with him. George complied and sat down, not too close to Dream and fiddled with his fingers. He didn't know what to say now that they were here. Should he thank him again? He still didn't know why George was there in the first place, did he have to know? It probably would have been the best option, seeing as though Dream didn't have a clear idea of who those guys were either.

"Hey- uh, thank you for saving me back there. I don't know what would have happened to me if you didn't show up right then and there. So thank you." George said with a weak smile.

"Oh, that. It's no problem really. I don't know what or why you were there but i guess me fighting for once turned out to be a good thing. Oh, I bought you some juice, but I don't know if you like juice. I kind of just assumed you would seeing as though you have a keychain on your bag with a juice box on it. Here." Said Dream, handing over a bottle of apple juice.

"Thank you, you didn't have to do that. But I appreciate the kind gesture."

A few moments of silence passed between the two, before George first spoke.

“You’d probably like to know why I was there in the midst of those four guys, right?” Said George.

Dream kept staring on ahead, not making any eye contact with the other male.

“Yeah, I mean I’m curious and confused but you seemed shaken up by it so I’m not gonna force it out of you.”

“It’s fine, it’d probably make more sense if I told you anyways.”

And with that, George explained everything to Dream who just sat in silence, staring off over the hill. Once George was finished, Dream checked his phone and scrolled through his messages, to see what the anonymous number had written.

“Mm, I got the locations mixed up. They told me to come to the alleyway near the bleachers, not behind them. Well, I don’t care. I mean, you’re fine now so I think it’s safe to say that beating someone up was a good choice this time.” Said Dream.

“Right, thank you for that. Can I repay you back in any way?” Asked George whilst fiddling his thumbs.

“Nah, it’s fine. I didn’t expect anything to come out of it. Hell, like I said, I didn’t know you were there. Don’t bother.”

“Oh, okay. Um, do you like cookies?”

“Cookies-? I don’t know anyone who doesn’t like them. Sure, they’re fine. Why?”

“No reason.”

After a few more minutes of silence, Dream stood up and grabbed his bag, getting ready to leave. He looked down at George for a few seconds and spoke.

“Look, you still seem pretty shaken up by what happened so go home and rest. Stay clear of those fuckers next time you see them. I’m leaving. See ya.”

And with that, Dream turned around and left on a different direction down a path until George couldn’t see him anymore. George just sat there in silence, not saying anything until he decided he should head home as well. He didn’t realize it before, but the view was actually very beautiful. The hills had flowers decorating the slightly tall grass, and beyond the hills you could see the city. George wondered how such a scary guy like Dream could bring him to such a peaceful and beautiful place like this.

*“I guess you never really should judge a book by its cover huh.”*

## Chapter End Notes

Ahhhhh I’m sorry I had to do George dirty like that ;;

I'm happy with so many of the nice comments- and thank you all for the kudos! I didn't expect this to blow up more than like 20 views ngl ;; so thank you!! I promise next chapter will be more wholesome. :")))

# George to the rescue

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The next day, George met up with Sapnap on his walk to school, the two coincidentally living near each other. This gave George a sense of reassurance for he wasn't alone in his walk to school after the events that happened the other day.

Whilst George and Sapnap were talking, Sapnap noticed a small little bag in George's hands.

"Hey George, what's that?" Asked Sapnap pointing to the bag.

"O-oh, um, it's nothing. Just some school supplies I couldn't fit into my bag, that's all."

"Hm, okay. I mean, it's a pretty cute bag for school supplies but you do you dude." Smiled Sapnap.

And it was true- it was quite a cute bag. It was a blue bag with cute little hearts on it with a white ribbon sealing everything in at the top. George didn't purposefully choose it though- it was just the only bag they had that wasn't a plastic bag with holes in it.

As they got to school, George stuffed the small bag into his backpack and headed on to class. As he was walking up the stairs, he wondered if Dream would be where he usually sat.

As George entered his classroom, he looked around to see if he was there, but to no avail, he was not. It made George feel worried, but he brushed the feeling off as class was starting.

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Before the bell for lunch rang, George's teacher asked him to bring some books down to the library before lunch ended. Seeing as he didn't want to create a bad reputation, he obliged and carried the books to his locker where he promised he'd meet Sapnap. He said that he would introduce him to his group of friends like he said, so George hurriedly stuffed the books into the remaining space of his bag and followed Sapnap to a tree outside the school, which was apparently where he and his friends met up usually.

Upon closer examination, George spotted a boy in a black and red hoodie eating a muffin whilst listening to a boy with tousled black hair rant about mathematics underneath the tree.

"Hey Bad, hey Skeppy. This is my new friend George, say hi." Said Sapnap.

"Nice to meet you George! My name is Darryl, but my nickname is Bad, so uh, you can call me Bad." Said Bad, extending his hand for a handshake.

"Hello Bad. It's nice to meet you too." Smiled George.

"Hey, I don't like using my real name so I use my nickname, Skeppy. I don't hang with these losers too often, I'm too cool for them. But it's nice to meet you dude." Said Skeppy with a laugh.

"It's nice to meet you too Skeppy." Replied George.

After the introductions, Bad glanced at Skeppy and smiled.

“It’s not that you’re too cool for us- you’re just too busy trying to learn how to understand functions so you can pass mathematics Skeppy.” Said Bad bluntly.

“Hey, I’m passing! *Barely*, but passing!” Exclaimed Skeppy with an annoyed tone.

“You know, I did tell you that if it ever got too hard that I could tutor you Skeppy. I don’t mind.” Smiled Bad.

“It’s true Skep, I think you’ll pass with a much higher grade if you let Bad help you study. He’s a straight A student after all.” Said Sapnap.

“Mm, fine. But only cause if I fail, my mom will kill me.” Said Skeppy, shivering at the thought.

Everyone laughed and had fun eating and talking about god knows what. About 15 minutes before the bell for next class rung, George remembered he had to go return the books in his bag to the library for his teacher.

“I gotta go to the library to return some books- can anyone tell me where it is?”

“Oh, its beside the office but it’s faster to go around the school and into the side door from here. It’s not far.” Explained Bad.

“Thank you, it was nice to meet you both. Hopefully we see eachother more often.” Said George with a smile.

“Mhmm, come back tomorrow, we’ll probably all be here. I’ll see you tomorrow dude.” Waved Sapnap.

Saying his goodbyes, George walked to the side of the school searching for the library door.

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After finding the door, George was about to go in until he heard yelling from around the corner. He was curious as to who was making the sound and peeked around.

There he saw three big guys holding baseball bats surrounding- *Dream??* He was on the ground, looking tattered and beat up and had a small cut of blood running down his face along with a big bruise on his arm. The three guys didn’t notice George and walked the opposite way, one spitting on Dream in the process and disappearing.

“Ah fuck, those bastards. Bringing bats to a one on one fight, fuck. This stings.” Muttered Dream.

“Holy shit, are you okay?” Asked a frantic George.

Dream jumped in surprise, he didn’t know anyone saw or was listening to the fight.

“Hey- why are you here? Didn’t I tell you to stay away from-“

George wasn’t listening as he kneeled down to look at Dream’s wounds, holding up his arm to inspect the damage.

*“What did those guys do to you? Here- I-I can help you, let’s head on over to the library, I can patch you up in there.”*

Dream didn’t feel like putting up a fight and let George hold him up, or at least he tried to- Dream was actually too tall and heavy for him to actually do much. Dream chuckled, he thought his attempts to hold him up were *cute*. Wait- cute? Nono. That can’t be it. He didn’t think George was cute. No way. Dream fumbled over his thoughts and shook that thought away quickly.

Quietly making their way into the library, George helped Dream sit at a table near the very back of the library hidden behind some bookshelves. Dream winced as he sat down, but quickly regained his composure.

*“I should have some bandages in my bag, just hold on.”* Said George in a worried tone.

Dream’s monotone expression turned into a look of confusion.

*“Why would this guy have bandages? I’d expect bandaids, but why bandages-“*

Suddenly, the bell for class rang. George perked up- he was gonna be late for class, but he couldn’t just leave Dream injured like this. He shook his head and decided to help Dream- he could just tell his teacher he was helping the library with the books.

In the midst of all the thinking, the small blue bag George tried to hide at the start of the day tumbled out onto the library desk. Dream stared at it, thinking it was quite a cute bag for such a quiet guy to have.

George frantically grabbed it and put it back in his bag, blushing in embarrassment. He then hurriedly took out some bandages and a small bottle of ointment from his bag, placing them on the table. George then scooted his chair closer to Dream, taking the ointment and a tissue in his hands.

*“Um- can I-?”* Asked George, looking back and forth to Dream’s forehead and his eyes, as if asking for permission to clean the wound.

*“Oh, sure.”* Replied Dream, a bit taken aback. He didn’t expect a guy he barely knew to care so much, more so help him with his injuries.

George started applying the ointment to the tissue, dabbing at the cut on his forehead. Dream winced, but stayed still.

*“Sorry, just a bit more. Then I’ll apply a gauze. Okay?”*

Dream just gave him a small nod as to not ruin George’s process. After a few more dabs of the ointment, George applied a gauze and attached it with some medical tape.

*“Wha- why does he have all of this in his bag? Why would he need all of these medical supplies?”* Thought Dream.

After also treating Dream’s arm and all other small injuries, George checked his watch. He was late for class, but he didn’t seem to mind as much as he thought he would. Putting all of the medical supplies back in his bag, he took his teacher’s borrowed books out of his bag and slung the backpack over his shoulder.

*“Hey, are you gonna be okay? I assume you’re not gonna head to class, right?”* Asked George.

Dream shook his head. *“Nah, I don’t want the teachers harassing me about my injuries. I’ll just lay*

low here.”

“Mm, okay. I have to hurry on to class before I- ah, hold on. I have to give you this.”

George then took the little blue bag out from his backpack and placed it in front of Dream in a flush.

“I uh- this is for the other day. I wanted to thank you properly, but I didn’t know how. I don’t know if you’ll like them, but if you don’t you can just throw them out or give them away or something. Anyways, I gotta go. Bye-“ Said George frantically as he sped out of the library.

Dream just stared at the boy as he gave the books to the librarian and dashed out the doors until he was out of sight. He looked at the bag and untied the little knot sealing everything in at the top.

A pleasant aroma hit his nose as he saw that they were regular chocolate chip cookies, but they weren’t too crispy or too gooey, they were just soft and still somehow lukewarm. Dream grabbed one and took a bite, marvelling in the flavour and the softness of the cookie itself.

After eating a few cookies, Dream thought to himself. Why did he make these for him? Well, he knew why. But why go so far as to make cookies for someone you don’t even know? Not to mention Dream’s appearance wasn’t the most friendly looking one out there.

He sat in awe thinking to himself and figuring out what to do. Whilst in the middle of thinking, Dream for a message from a certain someone.

Simpnap: Dude where are you

Pissbaby: skipping

Simpnap: you suck

Simpnap: meet me after school at the tree

Pissbaby: k

Dream sighed. The pain from his head was already slowly disappearing and the cuts on his body were already scabbing over. Dream sat there at the back of the library in silence, gathering his thoughts and wondering why a quiet guy like George would help a delinquent like him. Why he would go out of his effort to help him. To thank him.

Suddenly, the bell for the end of the day rang interrupting Dream’s thoughts. He gathered the cookies, placed them in the little bag and shoved them in the large pocket of his pants and headed out the door of the library to go meet up with Sapnap.

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“Dream, what happened to you? Is this why you skipped?” Asked Sapnap in a worried tone.

“It’s nothing bad. I’m fine.”



“Jesus, imagine what would’ve happened if Bad saw you like this. He’s freak like usual.” Exclaimed Sapnap.

“So let’s not tell Bad and move on, yeah? The last thing he needs is me giving him a heart attack over some small wounds. He’s already stressed from being on the student council anyways.” Said Dream with a shrug.

“Alright, alright. Wanna play some games at my house?” Asked Sapnap with a smile.

“Sure. I don’t see why not.” Said Dream, returning a small smile.

About halfway to Sapnap’s house, Sapnap noticed a small string and pop of blue come out from Dream’s pocket. Confused, seeing as though the small patch of what he saw resembled the small bag George had this morning, Sapnap decided to pry and ask.

“Hey uh- Dream. What’s that in your pocket?”

Looking down at his pants pocket, Dream noticed that the small blue bag was sticking out. “It’s nothing.”

“But it looks like the bag George had this morning...” mumbled Sapnap.

Thinking aloud, Sapnap thought of a possible reason as to why Dream had the bag.

“Hold on, *you didn’t take it from him did you?!*” Asked Sapnap in surprise.

With that question, Dream quickly turned his head to look at Sapnap.

“What?? No! He- he gave this to me...”

**“HUH???”**

“I’ll explain once we get inside your house.” Sighed Dream.

Sapnap nodded his head in a look of utter shock and ran to his front door to quickly unlock it.

Meanwhile Dream took his time walking, processing what he had said. Sapnap couldn’t see it, but Dream could feel a small blush creep up his neck.

*“I wonder what he’s doing.”*

## Chapter End Notes

Oh my god HI. So uh- yeah I’ve been dead for god knows HOW LONG (only like two months smh) BUT I’m back now! I’ve been super busy with working and school and shit like that ;; I’ve had this is my drafts for a while but I only now got to edit and finish it wahhhhh ;;; but! Hopefully you enjoyed this chapter and I’m able to keep writing more if my schedule lets me :) I updated a bit of the previous chapters as well. I’ll try my best to update more! Sorry for the long wait :’)

# You Nimrod

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Okay, so WHAT happened exactly?” Asked Sapnap whilst handing Dream a glass of water.

Dream sighed, taking a sip of the water. He told Sapnap everything that had happened, from the meeting areas getting mixed up, to saving George, to getting cookies, everything.

“Wow, kind of an unlucky way to meet someone, huh? I wanted to introduce you to him but I guess I don’t need to anymore.”

“Yeah, you don’t. I don’t know what’s going on, why’s he being so nice to someone he barely knows? Isn’t that kind of odd?” Asked Dream confused.

“I mean, from when I’ve spoken to him and hung out with him, George seems like a nice guy. I don’t think he’d be the type of person to completely ignore someone that’s hurt, at least that’s what I think.” Replied Sapnap.

“That’s the thing though, sure I saved him when he was in trouble and he thanked me, but why go through the extra effort to bake someone cookies? I’m a stranger to him! I’ve never spoken to him other than through that incident! He even patched up my wounds that one time, it just doesn’t make any sense.”

Sitting in silence, Sapnap took in Dream’s words. After a few seconds, he broke the silence.

“What if he just wants to get closer to you?”

Taken aback, Dream stutters.

“Wha- what do you mean? He wants to get closer to me? Sapnap you know I’m not-“

“Dude, that’s not what I meant. I meant as friends. What if he just wants to make another friend? He’s new after all.” Said Sapnap.

Oh. Oh that’d make more sense. *Friends*. But why would he want to be friends with someone like Dream? He’s not exactly the most... approachable person.

“Man, I don’t know. Sapnap, look at me. I don’t look the *least* bit friendly. God, why is this situation so confusing.” Grumbled Dream.

“Give it some thought Dream. I mean, you mentioned you guys were in the same class, right? Talk to him. Maybe he could even help you with bringing back up your grades cause you’re flunking. He’s a nice guy. I think you guys could be friends.” Smiled Sapnap with his answer.

Not wanting to argue, Dream just nodded and looked over to the blue bag on the table George had gifted him in the library. He opened the bag and took a cookie, a slight smile teasing the ends of his lips.

“Take one. They’re surprisingly good.” Said Dream motioning over to the bag.

Sapnap not being one to pass up some sweets, gladly took one and bit into it. His face soon turned from his regular expression to his eyes growing wide in surprise.

“HOLY SHIT GEORGE IS SO GOOD AT BAKING- THESE ARE SO GOOD!” shouted Sapnap.

Wheezing, Dream starting choking on his cookie causing Sapnap to start laughing and coincidentally, *also* choke on his cookie.

After calming down and drinking some water, Dream laughed at Sapnap.

“I- okay, they’re good cookies. But Jesus was I not expecting THAT BIG of a reaction.” Wheezed Dream.

“Dude, these taste better than the ones my mom makes me. No shame on her cookies, I love em. But these cookies are BOMB.” Replied Sapnap, taking another cookie.

After fully finishing the bag, Dream started spacing out, although Sapnap didn’t stray from the conversation.

“So did you say thank you?”

Caught off guard, Dream stumbled back into reality, letting Sapnap’s words replay in his head.

“I- did I say what?”

“Thank you. You know, for the cookies. For the patch up. Did you not say thanks for even that-?” Asked Sapnap, his expression slowly turning more confused.

Coming to realization, Dream slapped a hand over his mouth and groaned as he shifted his hands over his head.

“Shit. I don’t know if I did. I don’t think I did. He kind of ran off after handing them to me. And as for the patch up- no. I don’t think I said thank you for that either.”

“You nimrod- if Bad heard that he’d scold you for having no manners. Why didn’t you say thank you? I feel like it’s the least you could’ve said to the poor guy.”

“I know I should’ve! It just- I don’t think he really gave me a chance to? Although I don’t know if I would’ve then as I was kinda struck off guard by- him in general.” Muttered Dream sheepishly.

“What’s that supposed to mean Dream? You were caught off guard?” Asked Sapnap wiggling his eyebrows.

“Not like that you weirdo. I mean when he suddenly popped out of nowhere and helped me up. I wasn’t exactly expecting other company when I was getting my ass beat.”

“Mm, makes sense. Well, there’s always tomorrow. Show up to class for once, I want to graduate with you man. I can’t do that if my best friend is flunking his classes.” Smirked Sapnap.

Sighing, Dream looked at Sapnap and said a simple “fine” and got up to throw the bag out. Little did he know, a little note that was attached to the bottom fell onto the ground where neither one of the boys could see.

“I’ll go to classes tomorrow, okay? Now wanna play some minecraft? I don’t wanna catch up with homework right now.” Said Dream.

Shaking his head, Sapnap grinned and walked over to his living room.

“Sure, you have to show up though. Otherwise I’ll snitch and tell Bad that you got injured again.”

“You little- fine. For real. I will show up. Now, 1v1 me?” Grinned Dream.

“You’re on.” Smiled Sapnap.

~~~~~

George groaned as he flopped down onto his bed. He didn’t have much to do, he finished his homework early and his mom wouldn’t be home at this hour- it was only 4pm.

Out of ideas, George started up his computer and opened Minecraft. His friend Karl should be online, if not he had other online friends he could probably turn to.

Seeing as though Karl was online, he asked if he wanted to call on Discord and play a few games. As Karl’s response was a yes, George put his headset on and started a call.

“Yo George, how’s my favourite Brit boy doing?” Asked Karl through the call.

“Hey Karl, I’ve been doing pretty okay. How about you?”

“Mm, I’ve been decent. I’ve had enough of my school, god. It sucks here man.”

“You just *HAD* to switch schools and leave me here alone when I just transferred huh.” Replied George with an audible (but playful) hint of annoyance.

“Yeah, sorry about that. But regarding that- I’ve got good news!” Shouted Karl.

“What is it?”

“I’m coming back in the middle of the year! Turns out it’s just easier and better for me to come back rather than stay at my school, although I could’ve told my parents that from the beginning.” Sighed Karl.

“WAIT REALLY? THAT’S GREAT!” Screamed George, mic audibly peaking.

“Ow ow ow ow- okay. Yeah it is, isn’t it? I’m sure you’ll be fine until then- you’ve made new friends haven’t you?” Asked Karl.

“I mean I guess- I met this guy named Sapnap, and he introduced me to a bunch of his other friends. They’re really nice, I think you would get along with them too.” Said George with a smile.

“Hahah, Sappnaps a pretty interesting name, I wanna meet this guy. But yeah, I’d love to meet them! If you get along with them I’m sure I could too.”

“Great! It won’t be long till you’re here anyways. You’ll be here in like what- a few weeks?”

“Yeah! I’m excited to get out of this dump of a school. Everyone’s intimidating- and I don’t really talk to anyone. It sucks.” Said Karl with a sad tone.

“Well it’ll be okay once you’re here. You can hang with me and the others and you won’t be lonely anymore!”

“That’s true. Also- Georgeeee, have you got your eyes on anyone?” Asked Karl playfully.

“Huh? What do you mean- n-no. I don’t.” Replied George in a nervous manner.

“That didn’t sound convincing at *all* . There IS someone huh?”

“No! I just, i don’t think so. I just did something weird in the spur of the moment I guess.”

“What’s that supposed to mean? What happened George?” Asked Karl, his playful tone slowly disappearing.

George quickly gave a rundown of everything that happened between him and Dream, and explaining his thoughts on it.

“I don’t know- I don’t even know why I made him cookies! I thought it’d be a nice gesture but if i think about it now, I probably just look like a weirdo for doing it. I even attached a note to it! It’s not like I’m a girl, so what was the point? Ugh, I’m so stupid Karl.”

“Hey what? No no no! It was really nice of you! Who doesn’t like cookies? I sure like them, and I’m sure he did too. And I’m sure it brought his mood up after getting his ass beat to receive some sweet cookies, platonic or not.” Said Karl reassuringly.

George smiled at that, he was really glad Karl was willing to listen to his problems even when they didn’t go to the same school together anymore.

“Do you think you like him though? Doesn’t have to be romantic, could be as a friend.”

George paused before giving his answer.

“Romantically, I- I don’t think so? I mean I’m not sure, I’ve never really seen guys that way. We haven’t really talked much either, he’s not much of a talker I guess. But regarding his physical features, I guess he’s good looking..? He’s always covered in like cuts and bruises so I can never really tell. Overall he’s been pretty nice to me. I’d like to be friends, but I don’t know if we are yet.”

“Hmm, he doesn’t sound bad. Is he friends with this Sapnap guy?”

“I’m- honestly not sure. I don’t know if they know eachother.”

“Well, I hope all goes well. You know I’m always here for you George.” Said Karl.

“Yeah, I do. Thanks Karl.” Replied George with a smile.

## Chapter End Notes

I am back from hibernating, and yes, I am a fool for dying so long I am sorry :”D

Next chapters already in the making, I hope you enjoyed this one after so long ;;;

## **This is weird.**

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

7:00 AM, and an alarm was blaring off in George's house signalling for him to get up.

George, groggily swatting at his alarm, got up and stretched his arms above his head groaning.

"Ugh, it's too early for this. Moms probably already left for work."

George looked out to the window, the sun peeking in through his blinds.

"Whatever, I should just go feed the dog and get ready." Said George, shaking his head.

George stumbled out of bed and walked downstairs to the kitchen, feeding the dog and making some breakfast for himself.

As he finished dressing and saying goodbye to his dog, he locked the doors and began walking to school.

Strangely enough, no one really lived near George. No one from school at least. Usually some would be happy, but George was lonely. If he had someone who lived near him, surely he could have a nearby friend to go to when he was feeling alone.

Sighing, George arrived at school and sat down in his classroom, not paying attention to see that Dream was actually there for once, too busy from thinking about how lonely he actually was.

Dream stared at George, confused as to why he looked more down than he usually does.

*"Rather than looking down all the time, usually he looks awkward or attentive but today he looks-sad."* Thought Dream.

Dream fidgeted while he waited for class to start, peering over at George from time to time. He wanted to say thank you as Sapnap had suggested but- he was nervous. What would he say? How would he approach him? He already looked down as of right now so what if it's a bad time?

Finally getting his thoughts together, he ripped a piece of paper out of his notebook and wrote a little note, careful as to not let the teacher see. He glanced over at George, seeing as he was still spacing out.

Whatever, it wasn't like Dream to hesitate when it came to anything. When the coast was clear, he threw the note onto George's desk, clearly startling the poor boy out of his thoughts.

Dream quickly turned his head away, not wanting to be seen, but it was kind of pointless as it was quite obvious he was the one who threw it- and signed it. It was a simple and standard note:

*"Can we meet behind the school when the day is over?" -Dream*

Dream turned his head back slightly to see George's reaction, to which he caught George staring. Surprised, George looked down at the note on his desk and gave Dream a small nod of approval, not bringing his head back up until a few minutes later.

The surprise of the note seemed to get George back to normal because he finally started paying

attention to the class.

Dream sighed out of relief. Relief? What was he relieved for? This was getting weird. What's going on? He hasn't even known George that long and yet he's been feeling and doing all these weird things because of him.

It's whatever. He'll just thank George after school and then be on his merry way back home and move on like this never happened. Yeah. That's how it'll be.

~~~~~

The bell rings and class is over, and it's time for second period. By the time Dream is fully awake, George is already scurrying off to his next period.

*"Fuck, I have gym. I have to go change, hopefully Sapnap is already there."* Thought Dream, jogging to the gymnasium.

Dream quickly got dressed in his gym attire in the change rooms and ran to the gym. He was almost late, but fortunately the bell hadn't rung yet.

Dream looked around for Sapnap until he spotted him near the back of the gym bleachers talking to some small guy with a blue beanie.

They were laughing and joking about something- and the one guy's laugh was so loud and different that you could hear it from a mile away. Sapnap quickly spotted Dream and waved him over.

"Dream, meet Quackity. We just started talking and he's kinda funny." Said Sapnap with a laugh.

"Kind of? I'M HILARIOUS. You're just not good with jokes Sapnap." Replied Quackity with a playful tone of annoyance.

Dream looked over at Quackity, examining his features.

"Have you always been in our class?" Asked Dream with the most *monotone* expression.

**"WHA- DUDE I'VE BEEN HERE SINCE THE BEGINNING, WHAT DO YOU MEAN HAVE I ALWAYS BEEN HERE-"** Yelled Quackity taken aback.

**"Oh shit wait- WEREN'T YOU THE GUY THAT GOT HIT IN THE FACE WITH A BASKETBALL THAT ONE TIME? DREAM YOU REMEMBER THAT RIGHT?"** Asked Sapnap quickly looking at Dream.

Dream wheezed, recalling the memory.

"Yeah, I do. That shit was HILARIOUS."

"Was that you Quackity? I remember a guy in a beanie a while ago getting absolutely rekked in basketball."

Quackity had a stone expression and looked away in shame.

“N-no, it definitely was not me. Only a LOSER gets hit in the face with a basketball hahahahah...”

Dream looked at Sapnap, *it was totally him*.

“Was your face okay afterwards-?” Asked Sapnap.

“I TOLD YOU IT WASN’T ME- but yeah I was fine. Stung like a bitch though.” Muttered Quackity.

With that, Dream and Sapnap burst out laughing, Quackity soon joining in. Not a moment later, the gym teacher strides in pushing in a basketball cart and blowing the whistle to get everyone’s attention.

“Alright, for the rest of this week you men are going to focus on basketball. I’m marking you for participation, teamwork, and actually playing the game correctly. Get into teams and play. Don’t forget your sportsmanship boys.”

Usually Sapnap and Dream would team up with some guys on the basketball team as they were friends but this time with Quackity being their new friend, it’d be mean to not include him.

“Quackity, come join us. Let’s go play.” Said Sapnap already grabbing a ball excitedly.

“Seriously? Fuck yeah, let’s go.” Smiled Quackity.

~~~~~

“Dream, you’ve got to join the basketball team. You’re so good! And the team could use a guy like you!” Begged Sapnap on their way out of the change rooms chasing Dream.

“I don’t know Sap, we’ve been over this. I’m not one for team games, and I don’t like doing extracurricular stuff.”

“At least give it some thought? Pleeeeeeease?” Asked Sapnap with big puppy dog eyes and a pout for extra effect.

“God- *fine* , but don’t be upset if I say no.” Grumbled Dream.

“Great! I gotta get back to practice now, wanna meet after it’s done or something?”

“Um, sure. Maybe. I don’t know if I’ll have time but if I can, sure.”

“It’s not like you to have plans. Special occasion?” Asked Sapnap in interest.

“Uh, not really. I’m just meeting up with... someone.” Replied Dream hastily.

As if on cue, George was spotted exiting one of the side doors of the school, looking nervous and looking for something. Sapnap seemed to get a clue of what was happening and smiled.

“Alright, I’ll leave you to it. If I don’t go now coach will kill me. Give it some thought okay? I’ll see you later dude.”

And with that remark; Sapnap ran off, leaving Dream in the middle of a hallway lost in thought. He



already saw George leave, it probably wouldn't be nice if he left him waiting any longer.

Dream started walking out the same exit door and spotted George standing up, eyes directed up at the sky lost in thought for what seemed like the tenth time today. As if his eyes saw something in their peripheral vision, he snapped out of his thoughts and glanced over at Dream.

Dream, wearing the basic black uniform just like everyone else. Less tattered than it was from the last meeting they had, but it definitely was not a neat uniform. His dirty blonde hair was tousled from basketball, and his demeanour was more tired and relaxed from his last period.

George's uniform was neat and much smaller than Dream's. His dark brown hair was swept to the side as per usual, and the side of his face was illuminated by the bright sun.

George looked... *pretty* .

As soon as Dream was about to internally scold himself, George spoke up.

"Hey um, you said you wanted to meet me here. Is something the matter?"

"No- no. Nothings wrong I just- this might sound stupid but I just wanted to apologize to you since I didn't get to last time. I would've done it sooner but you left last time before I got a chance to and I don't think the classroom would be the right setting to apologize in. I'm thankful you patched me up that time. Thank you. For the cookies too, they were really good." Sputtered Dream, one hand rubbing the back of his neck sheepishly.

George just stood there, unable to process the information. Oh. He's- he's actually a nice guy.

"It's- it's no problem, really, you didn't have to thank me for any of it." George said, shaking his head. "I was just thanking you for saving me that one time. But thank you for the apology, it's really nice of you." George replied, a big smile growing on his lips.

*Fuck* . This was weird. What is this feeling? His smile was so- bright. *Nice* . Dream couldn't help but stare at George, he just looked so-

Dream shook his head, shaking his thoughts away.

"It's- it's no problem. Um, should we go now? I don't wanna hold you up or anything."

George giggled. *Fuck. It sounded cute.*

"I'm not busy, it's okay. But yeah, let's go."

Dream and George picked up their bags and started walking to the front of the school, making small talk as they went. Dream learned that George owns a dog and likes gaming to Dream's surprise. George learned that Dream actually had a little sister and likes sports. As they continued talking, they suddenly heard a shout in their direction.

"YOOO DREAM WAIT UP!"

Sapnap came running to the two boys, finally catching his breath upon reaching them.

"Oh hey Sapnap, I thought you had practice?" Asked Dream.

"I did but it got cancelled last minute cause coach had to leave for some meeting he forgot about. Hey George, how're you doing?"

“I’ve been doing pretty well, you?”

“Would be better if Dream joined the stupid basketball team with me so I wouldn’t be all alone.” Grumbled Sapnap.

“I told you I’d think about it! Stop asking before I don’t even think about your offer.” Sighed Dream.

“Fine, fine. So where are you guys headed? You guys hanging out?”

“Oh no no- we’re just both headed home.” Giggled George nervously.

“Really? Do you guys wanna come over then? We could play games or something, I have enough controllers.” Said Sapnap excitedly.

“I don’t see why not, I’m free. George..?” Dream asked, peering over at George slowly.

“Oh, um, sure. I’d be happy to.” Smiled George in response.

“Great! Now let’s get going before some teacher catches us loitering outside during after hours.” Urged Sapnap impatiently.

And with that, the three boys headed off to Sapnap’s house, all three of them racing against each other to see who could arrive there the fastest.

## Chapter End Notes

Bruh school got me TIRED- but I finally got this chapter out ;; it was originally gonna be way longer but I decided to cut it in half. :) sorry for the wait, but thank you to everyone recently who’s been reading! I hope you enjoy :)

## End Notes

I don’t know how often I’ll be updating this, but I’ll try to as much as I can! I’ve been noticing a shit ton of angst in this fandom and I wanted to change that with a happy (ish) high school au that has been in my head for a while now. :)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!